

PACIFIC COAST BOHEMIANS

ROBERT H. DAVIS RECALLS OLD TIMES IN CALIFORNIA.

Picturesque Figures Among the Writers and Artists—The Spirit of the Times in Verse—Adventures With Royalty, Handicrafts and Other—Coast Traditions.

Robert H. Davis of *Munsey's Magazine* is moved to talk of California literature and writers by the new aspirations of the literary colony at Carmel-by-the-Sea. He talks not of the present but of the good old times. Then was the true spirit born and then did it flourish, he declares, and he goes down the roll of Daniel O'Connell, Jules Tavernier, Joseph D. Strong, Harry Larkyn, Petie Bigelow and Roland M. Daggett.

"There was Daniel O'Connell, real prince of bohemians," he reminisces. "Surely you've heard of Dan O'Connell, creator of Bluff King Hal and poet to the Bohemian Club? He was the only man ever officially buried by the club."

"Dan was a borrower. He was a journalist, too, reporting on every paper in San Francisco, and later he was a small politician, but to borrow was his pride and joy and support. It was his boast that there wasn't a human being living whom he couldn't touch by approaching him the right way."

"One day he was standing on a corner talking to a friend when along came Arthur McOwen. McOwen was known as the most scholarly man on the Pacific coast and also he was as Scotch as they make 'em, which tells its own tale."

"Here comes old McOwen," said the friend. "Let's see you touch him. If you can, you're all that you claim; the pedestal is yours."

"Hello, McOwen," saluted confident Dan. "Where are you going?"

"I know you won't believe me, but I'm on my way to pay my tailor's bill."

"That's good. How much do you owe him?"

"Sixty dollars."

"Say, Mac," and Dan came up confidentially. "I've got a scheme; it'll help us both. You give me twenty dollars and I'll go on ahead and pretend to the fellow doesn't know me."

"Pretty soon, you saunter in and I'll greet you cordially. Then you ask me stocks and I'll answer you bonds and we'll let out the impression I'm a big fellow, you know."

"You remember after a while that sailor by going after the money."

"By Jove," you say, "I thought I had that guy, but I find I'm twenty short. Say, old man, can—"

"Sure," I break in, "there it is, don't mention it." And I pull out this gold piece of yours and let you go on paying your bill with it. See the results? The credit of both of us will be good; I'll be established as a moneyed man, flourishing \$20 gold pieces, and you'll be established forever. My friend, just still he didn't tumble. Finally he came to paying his bill and discovered his deficit."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I thought I had that money. Say, Dan, let me have twenty, won't you, old man?"

"Mr. McOwen, it's very painful for me," Dan's voice was virtue itself to make a public example like this, but I'm compelled to do so. This habit of coming to ask me for money has got to be stopped. I can oblige you no more," and Dan stepped off the block and out the door.

"The pedestal was his. Poor old Scotchman!"

"After Dan became a ward politician he invited three of his fellow dignitaries along with me to dinner at his home in the red woods at Sausalito across the bay."

"Now I'll greet us when we arrived, 'I'm going to give you a treat; you're to pick out your own delicacies. Just get what you want and send it up to the house.'"

"So he parceled us out. I was to visit the bathhouse and turn myself loose among the ladies. Another brother dog was to have fringed swim trunks, champagne and cordials of the liquor store, and so on."

"We went, the first was worth a Fourth of July to be held in. I retain only dim and hazy recollections of two Italians coming right over the top of that fisherman's chopping block and looting me of my money, and that they had been so close and kind until I had casually mentioned Mr. O'Connell's account on the verge of departure."

"At the same moment down the street three bartenders were busily engaged in taking away the liquors they had just joyously sold to one of my fellow diners; another of us was fleeing down the street from the pair of men in the hands of a waiter. And those were the only refreshment shops in Sausalito!"

"When Dan died he received honors never given to any other bohemian. He was a club historian, but he never wrote any history. He didn't have to; he had that sweet Irish disposition that made everything he did, or didn't, the desirable thing and was so fascinating that it was the greatest of pleasures to be introduced by him."

"Jules Tavernier was another of the O'Connell tribe. He was the first man to give studio dinners on the Pacific coast, and Jules had his own way of deciding who got in on the list."

"A millionaire came to his studio one day to buy some pictures and heard the clink and clink of tableware, the rustle of damask and so on. He intimated that he'd like an invitation to dine and was invited to send in his ancestral records."

"No," said Tavernier later, "all I can do for you is to sell you pictures."

"No one got in to those dinners without ancestors reaching back to the discovery of America—that is to the host's satisfaction."

"He received a commission to paint a decoration for the chapel in the home of a millionaire and did so while the latter was abroad. When the millionaire returned he saw the painting up by the organ—redwood trees with sunlight glimmering through. He sent for Tavernier and praised the picture, but asked for a little more sunlight."

"I'm afraid you'll have to see God

about that," replied Tavernier. "Unfortunately I haven't the power to alter the way the sun shines, and I can't paint what I don't see."

"Joe Strong—Joseph D. Strong—was a contemporary of Tavernier. He was the husband of Stevenson's amanuensis and a real bohemian if there ever was one. He was dining one night in a cafe and at a late hour discovered that he had no money and neither had his companion. Joe wasn't worried; he thought a minute, then brightened up.

"Wait here," he said, "and I'll go get some money. I know plenty of financiers around here."

"In half an hour he came back glum.

"I can't find a soul," he announced, and then he brightened up again. "Ah! I'll go down to Suro's office in Montgomery street. It's open day and night and one of his secretaries down there owes me \$10." Out he went again and was back in half an hour.

"Excuse me," he began, "it took me some time. We got to figuring it out and found that I owed him six dollars and a quarter; now it's sixteen and a quarter. Waiter, where's that check?"

"Then there was Harry Larkyn, gentleman clear through and to the end. English, of good birth and adventurous organization, he came to San Francisco to seek adventure and found it. An Indian ruler had once given him a principality because of his personal charm, but Harry emptied all the prisons, eloped with the Crown Jewels to London and made a grand opera out of his experiences."

"In San Francisco he was dramatic critic of the *Morning Ledger* and was well loved and well hated. One evening he was called to the door of a house where he was waiting and shot through the heart. He turned back into the room which he had just left."

"Please pardon me for dying in your hall," he said, and staggered back out to the hall and fell dead."

"Harry Larkyn was a gentleman to the end and game. A poem found after his death and written only a few days before and called 'Who Can Tell?' explains as well as words can the spirit he represented."

"The chronicle of California's good days hunk up the verses and reads them."

"How do we know what hearts have vilest sin?"

"Many like sepulchres are foul within. Whose outward starts as spotless as the snow, And many more, he pure we think not so. How near to God the souls of such have been? What mercy sentience penance may win?"

"How do we know?"

"How can we tell who have sinned more than we?"

"He who we tell, and staggered back out to the hall and fell dead."

"We think our brother walked guiltily, Judging him in self-righteousness. Ah, well, Perhaps he had been diving through the hell."

"Of his temptations we might be Less bright in our daily walk than he. How can we tell?"

"Dare we condemn the ill that others do? Their strength is small, their trials are not less. The tide of wrong is difficult to stem, And to us more clearly than to them is given knowledge of the good and true. More do they need our help and pity than we. Dare we condemn?"

"God help us all and lead us day by day To do his will and keep his law."

"We cannot walk alone the perfect way. Evil shares us, tempts us, and we fall. We are but human and our power is small. Not one of us may boast, and not a day Rolls over our heads but each hath need to pray."

"God help us all!"

"And while we're on poetry, here's a sample of the real thing—Joquin Miller's Good-bye, Bret Harle, which originally appeared in the *Overland Monthly* for September, 1897, an issue devoted to the memory of Bret Harle and with reprints from much of his best work."

"You think of this for poetry?" and Mr. Davis having brought forth the poem reads it in turn—the picture of the sombre old Dan as a sunnier traveling silently out through the Golden Gate.

"You yellow sun melts in the sea. A sombre ship sweeps silently. Past Alcatraz tower and Orient skies. A mist is rising to the eyes."

"Good-bye, Bret Harle, good night!"

"You sea bank blooms fair funeral guns. What secrets of his central suns. Companion of the peak and pine. What secrets of the spheres are thine?"

"Good-bye, Bret Harle, good night!"

"You loved the lonely, laughed at pride. We mocked, we mocked and pierced your side. And yet for all harsh scoffing heard. You answered not one unkind word."

"But went your way, as now. Good night!"

"How stately tall your ship, how vast. With right nailed to your leeward mast. With mighty wings of homeward gale. You brought me home, my homeward gale."

"Good-bye, Bret Harle, good night, good night!"

"Yet Joquin Miller was capable of going to England and living around tiger skins, with his hair draped picturesque about his face, and telling stories to the titled folk. He simply thought that England was a legitimate place to pull off this enormous bun."

"He had something of the same feeling which impelled Alice Rex, the most elegant and intelligent critic the Pacific coast ever had, to modify her published statement 'England belongs to a race of slaves, when criticized, to England belongs to a race of butlers.'

"Petie Bigelow was the Beau Brummell of the San Francisco press. He also dined at the home of Henry Bigelow. I think but not sure. He was reckless, light hearted, gay, never disagreeable, a cavalier, with an eternal carnation in his buttonhole."

"When King Kalakaua died in the Sandwich Islands and illustrations relating to his death began appearing in the press, Petie was instructed to get something different. Get something sympathetic," he was told, "a picture showing the affection and grief of the Queen, or something along that line."

"So Petie fixed up his photographer behind some convenient palms, and standing by the coffin began to extol the virtues of the late King to the Queen until presently they were weeping together, kneeling side by side by the body. The photographer did his work and Petie sent home the first picture of the Queen in action, and didn't mind a bit because he had to have his own likeness blacked out."

"That event hung a wreath around Petie Bigelow's neck, but it wasn't the stunt that gave him the reputation of being the greatest living interviewer."

"Evans and Sortag had become tired of having nothing doing and had started out to mend matters by holding up an express and conducting a general streeting match for six or seven days. Then they took to cover and to Petie was given the assignment of interviewing them."

"He cultivated Mrs. Evans, he was an ingratiating chap and took little Eva, the daughter, to dancing school and got her a place on the stage, where she was later heard from."

"He ended by his being led blindfolded to a cave one night and without competition enjoying an interview with pictures and sketches to his heart's content. Of course after that he was created until he looked like one of those pigged target cases at a circus."

"But the sad part follows. He was treated well at the cave to feed and drink, but he was to be a party all night and again and again. He made himself so genial that at last Evans and Sortag had to see Petie's appetite

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as they had the police. They succeeded in spending ten months in the mountains before they were caught in August, 1892. Petie Bigelow's last request, was that his burial should be in the mountains where he was buried; it wasn't.

"Roland Daggett, descended from the Cherokee Indians, taught a King how royal rights might be dispensed with. He was a journalist too, but it was as minister from Nevada that he came upon the King of the Sandwich Islands in under-shirt and overalls. The King didn't mind much, especially after Daggett had initiated him into the mysteries of poker."

"What you got?" asked Daggett.

"Four kings," replied his royalty, and threw down three.

"But," began Daggett.

"The king merely roared, laid his hand on his breast and scooped up the pot."

"You learn too fast, your Majesty," said Daggett.

"Daggett was sitting out in front of the Palace Hotel one afternoon when Gov. Jim Reid came along."

"What d'you know?" saluted the Governor.

"If you'll read the encyclopedia, through," replied Daggett, "you'll get a good start, we'll see about the rest later."

"He was a contemporary of Mark Twain in the Virginia City Flamingo. He was a journalist too, but it was as minister from Nevada that he came upon the King of the Sandwich Islands in under-shirt and overalls. The King didn't mind much, especially after Daggett had initiated him into the mysteries of poker."

"I'll pay you back Wednesday," he said.

"Two years went by and no word of paying back. At last he made some money on a book or a mining or scratch operation, at any rate he made some coin and McAlister sent up to him one day."

"I'm here," he said. "I'll pay you back Wednesday."

"Daggett looked at him solemnly."

"You look honest to me, McAlister," he said finally, and I've heard you're of excellent habits, but something in your face leads me to believe I can't trust you, and sadly he turned away."

"McAlister often told the story. He said it was worth \$500."

"An honest fellow," the transient recorder of individual opinion, of whom you've heard before, made a peculiar reference to the South from a man in the *Record*. Hence a visit from a man purporting to belong to the family."

"I want to see Mr. Bice."

"Here."

"My name's Smith."

"That so, how do you spell it?"

"S-m-i-t-h. Remember ever hearing it?"

"Oh, yes, I believe I do now. Didn't Samson, eh? I know Philanthropus with the jawline of your ancestor."

"Those were the days," I remember once in the middle of the century, when I had been visiting my father in Carson, Nev. Mr. George was taken to the depot in a buggy, but I wanted to help him."

"I'll carry you to the train, Mr. George," I volunteered.

"On the way I accidentally dropped it into a stream and had to chase it along the bank while it was being carried away by a swift current. I rescued it. It was the corrected proofs of *Progress and Poverty* and several new hand written additions."

"Yes," concludes the reminiscent translated editor, "the best thing about the Pacific Coast is its traditions. Don't believe all that blank cartridge lobsters tell you; that is, and think it is all."

"A listener speaks up."

"There's a good story on Sam you left out after I looked over that evening paper, and intelligent critic of the Pacific coast ever had, to modify her published statement 'England belongs to a race of slaves, when criticized, to England belongs to a race of butlers.'

"Sam was once sent out to report a hanging and managed to get it postponed until after I looked over that evening paper, and intelligent critic of the Pacific coast ever had, to modify her published statement 'England belongs to a race of slaves, when criticized, to England belongs to a race of butlers.'

"Sam made good friends with Sarah Bernhardt when she was out there, arranged outfitting and other such bits to give local color. When she left she kissed him."

"That's for the *Examiner*," she said. Then she kissed him again."

"That's for the *Carson Appeal*," she kissed him the third time."

"That's for yourself."

"There are a lot of small papers up the State I represent," said modest Sam, and I'm sure they'd all like to hear from you."

"It was Sam, you know, who was author

of 'Mr. Howitzer,' in which he and Mark Twain crossed the plains together as boys carrying several columns of type and appropriate literary additions. They were attacked by Indians. The boys unloaded the type and shot at the enemy. No effect. Taft's editorial fell off harmlessly. Finally they came to Mark's poetry. Howls of pain and rage. Lacerated and mutilated, the Indians fled back through Nebraska, to the plains of Kansas never to venture forth again."

"That was Sam, brother of Bob here."

"I don't care," reiterates Bob here. "His conditions are the best things about the Pacific coast."

IN PRAISE OF MODERN AUTHORS.

Mr. Alden compares them to the writers of Fifty Years Ago.

Mr. Alden in his resume of the evolution of literature from the historic achievement of the old time to the psychological analysis of characteristic of the new expression says that "it is within the possibilities of the near future that men will give us the most real women in our fiction and women the most real men."

So men and women are working together as authors in fiction, and suitably after a method wholly different from that adopted by former masters. We are not ashamed to put James, Conrad, Howells, Huxley, Booth Tarkington, Kenneth Grahame, Alfred Doolittle, Robert Hichens, Edith Wharton, Mrs. Deland, Alice Brown, Mrs. Freeman and some of our new writers like Miss Sinclair, Marjorie Bowen, Mary Austin, George Schickel and Mervyn Campbell Dray by the side of the ancient novelists of fifty years ago and venture to compare to their sense of the vital value of fiction. * * * All of these writers, men and women, create separate worlds, each showing individual genius; all of them having this in common, that they appeal to a psychological interest and are not scene shifters standing by in the meantime and giving their audiences the benefit of their views of life."

NOT TO SING HERE.

Frieda Hempel Can't Be Spared From the Berlin Opera House.

Frieda Hempel, the colorist soprano of the Royal Opera House in Berlin, is not to come next winter to the Metropolitan Opera House where it was announced that she would appear for three months next winter.

Intendant von Hueson after having provisionally promised that Miss Hempel should sing here has notified the Metropolitan Opera Company that it will be impossible to grant the announced leave of absence. No mention was made of a possible engagement here in future seasons. This change in the list of artists will make it necessary to abandon the revival of "Les Huguenots."

New Theatre for Lasky and Harris.

Long Acre Square is to have another theatre. A lease was executed yesterday between Jesse L. Lasky and Henry B. Harris and Wertheim, Keris & Stein whereby the latter will build and have ready for occupancy on December 1, this year, a theatre at 206 to 212 West Forty-second street, next door to the Gaiety Theatre. The new theatre will be erected on a plot 80x100 from plans which have been prepared by Hertz & Tallant, who estimate the cost at \$200,000. Jesse L. Lasky is to have active charge of the theatre.

Thorp—Van De Water.

Miss Larkyn Van De Water, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Van De Water of 24 Madison avenue, Flushing, Queens, and Benjamin Hurd Thorp of Gilbertville, N. Y., were married in St. George's Church, Flushing, yesterday afternoon. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. D. Waller, rector of the church, assisted by the Rev. Dr. George B. Van De Water, brother of the bride and rector of St. Andrew's Church, Manhattan. The bridesmaids were Miss Helen Van De Water, sister of the bride, and Miss L. L. Lasky, who was best man, and the ushers were Robert Pattee and Francis Stiles of Jamaica, Maurice Jewell of Elmhurst and Daniel W. Edwards of Ambrose. The bride wore a white silk gown, a white hat trimmed with ostrich plumes and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. A reception followed the ceremony.



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CALL TO SUCCEED DR. MYERS.

Cleveland Pastor Likely to Come to the Brooklyn Baptist Temple.

The Rev. Dr. William B. Wallace, pastor of the East End Baptist Church in Cleveland, Ohio, has received a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Baptist Temple in Brooklyn as the successor of the Rev. Dr. Cortland Myers, who resigned about a year ago to take charge of the Tremont Temple in Boston.

Dr. Wallace was strongly recommended for the noted vacant pulpit by a subcommittee of the pulpit committee which recently went to Cleveland and heard him preach. He came to Brooklyn last month to look over the field. He declined to preach as a candidate, but said that if a call was extended to him he would give it careful consideration. It is understood that he will accept and come to Brooklyn in September.

Dr. Wallace is 43 years old and a native of Nova Scotia. He was graduated from the Rochester Theological Seminary in 1901. Before going to Cleveland three years ago he held pastorates in Oswego and Utica, N. Y.

Roosevelt Compliments His Ship.

A letter written to Albert Balin, director-general of the Hamburg-American Line, by Col. Roosevelt and communicated by cable yesterday to Emil L. Boas, resident director of the line here, contains the following:

"I hardly feel that I am at sea, for it is like living in a richly appointed and perfectly managed modern hotel. Yesterday I went through the ship with Capt. Ruser and I was particularly struck with what has been done for the health and comfort of the stokers and engineering force. I am also especially pleased with the arrangements for the third class passengers, and I hope all immigrants will soon travel as such. I congratulate your company on what has been done for both the fire room force and the immigrants."

Ramblersville Station to Stay Until Nov. 9.

The Public Service Commission finished yesterday its hearings on the application made by the Long Island Railroad Company for leave to discontinue its station at Ramblersville and relocate it at a point about 1,800 feet north. Ramblersville is

a picturesque hamlet of fishing cottages built on piles in Jamaica Bay. The commission will not make a decision until November 9.

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IN THE SUNDAY SUN JULY 3rd.

THE News and Reviews of Books will be printed in THE SUN on Fridays until further notice.

Job for Brooklyn Democrat. The Board of City Magistrates of Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond have appointed Michael Hennessey, clerk of the Butler street court, Brooklyn, as the successor of the late James Neason Hennessey, who stood third in the eligible list, is an active Democratic worker in the Twelfth Assembly district.